THE

'PISCOPADE:

A PANEGYRI-SATIRI-SERIO-COMICAL

POEM.

BY

PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS.

Qui capit ille facit. OVID.

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PREFACE.

THE following is a Tranſlation from the Spaniſh *of Don* Franciſco Pedro de Lopez, *an* Aſturian *by Birth. It is ſaid to have been written during the laſt Vacancy of the Capital See of* TOLEDO; *which was ſince conferred on Don* Lewis, *third Son of the late King of* Spain, *by the preſent Queen Dowager; as much diſtinguiſhed for his* pious *good Qualities, as his Mother for thoſe of Meekneſs and Condeſcenſion.*

As to the Verſe; in Quantity, it conſiſts of 11 *Syllables, and ſometimes of* 12, *according to the Run of the Line when it makes no Difference on the Ear. In Quality, it is Burleſque, and generally uſed in humorous Compoſitions; which, like all other Burleſques, requires to be humoured in the Reading; as*

it is hardly practicable to arrange Words in it properly accented, according to their Senſe and Conſtruction: For if a Line does not hit well in it's firſt natural Flow, an Amendment for the Sake of Accent, ſerves only to make it hobble. I have known three different Perſons read the ſame Line in three different Ways, and each Reading ſeem'd agreeable to the Ear. The candid Reader, who has a Mind to be diverted, will therefore ſuffer this Obſervation to direct his reading humorous Verſe after an humorous Way, as there is no other Rule to go by.

The Tranſlator has, after the Manner of Philips's Don Quixot, *frequently ſubſtituted* Engliſh *Names and Terms inſtead of* Spaniſh *ones; the better to accommodate the vulgar Reader, and give him a more familiar Idea of the Author's Humour: Therefore, as often as they occur, they muſt be conſidered accordingly, and not as of any thing that happened in* England.

THE

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'PISCOPADE.

THE Cabinet, ſummon'd, in Council conven'd,
Prodigeous Conſtituents! anſw'ring the End;
Profound Politicians, ſagaciouſly ſage!
Who govern by Noſtrums the politic Stage:
Like *Turner* and *Rock* in the phyſical Train,
Each conſiders himſelf the great Stateſman of *Spain*,
Who can ſhape out the Public alone on the Anvil,
This here is a *Burleigh*, that there is a *G* * *.
As ſupreme of the Board, high aloft in the Air,
Don Præſes del Dorſo gave Law from the *Chair*;

Where

Where late he had voted his Son out of Poſt,
To keep himſelf in with the Lords of the Coaſt:
Soporiferous there, very lordly he ſate,
Like a Judge on the Bench, when a Trial hangs late.

Then *Gow'ron Transfugos*, conforming ſo humbly,
Who had firſt diſplac'd *H**y*, and afterwards *C**y*;
Moſt ſtrangely bedumpt, took his Place at his Heels,
And, as *Lockit* his Irons, bejingled his *Seals*:
Diſcontent and Reflection imbitter'd his Face,
As tho' he ſeem'd griev'd he went down to the Race.

On his Left, ſate *Don Juan*, protub'rately big!
For he follows his Sire like a *Tantony* Pig;
Chriſt-Croſſes, at leaſt to th' Amount of a Score,
Marks dolorous, ah! on his Shoulders he bore;
In ſevere Caſtigation, ſome ſay, they were done,
For the Honour of *Turncoats* laid furiouſly on.

Next him, ſat the Coaſter *Don Tom del Vagary*,
Cheek-by-Joul with his Brother, Great *Gentleman Harry!*
Like *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, alternately ſhining,
Or rather, unlike them, together declining.

Don Caſtro del Pratum, a Wit heretofore!
But, ſince he has *coaliz'd*, Wit is no more;
In the Right of his Station among them attends,
Much aſham'd of himſelf, his *old* Foes, and *new* Friends;
All his old Brother Authors look'd on him oblique,
Pair'd his Coat with *Don Juan*'s, and thought them alike:
His loſt Appellation of Patriot they mourn'd,
'Till *Pelagius* aſſur'd them *his Coat was not turn'd.*
And that ſoon they would find him withdraw from his Place,
Rediſtinguiſh'd with Honour and courtly Diſgrace;
Give ſome future *Cadwallader* Colour to tell,
He writes his new Paper — and ſo make it ſell. *
In the Rear of th' Aſſembly ſat *Bronzo* o'ercaſt,
His *Honour*'s moſt tractable Piece of Puff-paſte!
Very ready to take what Impreſſion he'd give,
So the *S—f—d* Petition he might but ſurvive:
Inſcrib'd, thro' an Hypocrite Veil, on his Face,
Might be read, *A Deviſe in Remainder — and Place:*

Edentula's

* 'Tis obſervable the *Grubeans* of *Madrid* uſed to make free with this noble *Don*'s Name, to give Currency to their political Productions.

Edentula's Jordan he held in his Hand,
The Tenure annex'd to his new-ſtolen Land;
Moſt ſav'ry and od'rous however it ſmell'd!
Like the Tax which *Veſpaſian* on Urine compell'd.

Their Buſineſs was not to confer 'gainſt the Foe,
Nor yet ſome immoderate Tax to forgoe;
Nor how to conſult, in his virtuous Receſs,
Olivarez Count Hawnos, to ſketch out a Peace;
Not ſo; — for th' Occaſion was merely domeſtic,
And, what may be wonder'd at, — Eccleſiaſtic!
But, on ſerious Reflection, the Wonder grows leſs,
For it was on the learned *Arch-Pontiff*'s Deceaſe;
Great Sire of *Toledo!* — departed that Morn,
To pay the juſt Debt, which to pay he was born:
To conſider with whom they ſhould fill up his Place,
And dubb with the Stile of *Pontifical Grace.*

The *Chair* declar'd loudly *Londono* the Man,
Let us gain him, quo' he, for a Friend if we can.

Obj.] The learned *Londono* more honour'd than lov'd,
With ſome little Reſtriction might well be approv'd,

Had

Had he not, in his Volume, exhibited forth
Proud Lady *Eccleſia*'s high Power and Worth;
Hight *Codex*, huge Treatiſe! and then made a Handle
Of Conſcience to keep out poor Infidel *R——*.

Anſ.] 'Twas right! he receiv'd Information, not ſought;
Conſiſtent his Deed with the Doctrine he taught;
Remiſs is that Shepherd who'd lazily ſleep,
And let in the Wolf 'mongſt his innocent Sheep.
Inflexibly juſt! who believ'd not the Word
He repell'd with his mighty *Whip-Sillabub* Lord!
Of extenſive fine Parts oſtentatiouſly vain,
Yet perplex'd in maturing, and apt to o'erſtrain;
Tho' prompt of Conception, yet hard to believe,
Whoſe Skill might miſlead, and Experience deceive;
Both Favour and Juſtice to ſuch he deny'd,
And never forgave who eluded his Pride.
His Reas'ning had pleas'd if not carried too far,
And that he affected t' o'ermatch all the B*.
Tho' a Genius and quick in the Art of diſcerning,
Yet ſhort of his plain Predeceſſor in Learning:

'Tis as bad, when the Race at *Newmarket* is loſt,
In the Horſe that o'erſhoots, as falls ſhort, of the Poſt.
Tho' great 'mong the *Knowing* he ne'er was allow'd,
Yet he whipp'd up a Sillabub well for the Crowd.

While thus in Debate, as he'd Right to be there,
His *Grandeur* came in, and gave Thanks to the *Chair*.
No *Breaſt-plate* he wore, like the firſt of the Trade,
With the Myſt'ry and A*t of R*l*g*n inlaid;
But an high tow'ring M**re, with *Mahomet's* Arms!
Not Ch*t's, as expreſs'd in ſymbolical Terms;
Gules, Rapiers a Brace in Saltire, Argent, he bore,
But the Pommels were Chriſtian, becauſe they were *Or!*
He declar'd, that, with Age and Infirmities worn,
He, inſtead of Promotion, expected an Urn;
That as, once in Diſcharge of his Conſcience and Truſt,
He miſs'd of the Station by giving Diſguſt,
He now had the Pleaſure in Turn to refuſe,
Reſpectfully begging, however, their Excuſe:
That an old Piece of Parchment he found on his File,
Expreſs'd, beyond Doubt, it was hardly worth while.

Tho' the Board was ſurpriz'd the Refuſal to hear,
Yet with Reaſon allowing the *Nolo* ſincere,
Caſt their Thoughts upon *Tomo Superbos* the next,
For in Right of a Hint he'd a kind of Pretext.
This Lawyer's great Maſter, high Churchman elate!
Erſt Antagoniſt bold in *Bangorian* Debate,
Very learn'd! very big! very haughty and proud!
Might undoubtedly do very well, if he wou'd;
Be of Uſe to the C*h, — and the Court at a Pinch,
Perplex the Debate, and an Argument clinch:
As once he oppos'd, in ſignificant Words,
Th' Independence of Parliament, C**ns and L*ds!
As the Council was going to make out his Fiat,
Came in *Cabellano*,—My Lords, pray be quiet,
Well I know that his *Grandeur*, on hearing th' Alarum,
Has caſt up the Odds 'twixt *Toledo* and *S**,
Taking in all his other Preferments ſo ample,
Lord *A*m*n*r*, Ch*c'l*r, Maſter o' th' *T***;
How much he's to pay, and how long he muſt live
To regain his Diſburſements, e'er Death may arrive;

As 'twill hardly quit Coſt, he would fain be excus'd;
Beſides, he'll not take what *Londono* refus'd.
More ſtunn'd and aſtoniſh'd the Council appear'd,
Ambition ſubſiding and Av'rice preferr'd!
That the Lovers of Pow'r, and of Right to command,
Should the Station of Greatneſs one Moment withſtand!
Tho' the firſt might decline it from Profit expectant,
Yet why ſhould the latter appear ſo reluctant?
'Tis ſaid 'twas to bargain for *one* to ſucceed him;
But the Council catch'd hold of his *Nolo*, and chid him,
Proceeded to think and conſider of others,
Who'd more tractably cringe with the Views of the *Brothers*;
So deliver'd a Liſt of the Prelates to *S**,
To read out diſtinctly their Names one by one.
S. *Imprimis*, my Brother, his Grace of *A***,
Vers'd, able, and learn'd, in the *Tennis-court* Law; —
Pſhaw, (anſwer'd the *Chair*, in a Fret and a Pother)
He's a Pontiff already — Damn you and your Brother!
The *Chair* will not ſuffer you here t' impoſe,
Or be led like your Patron about by the Noſe;

To him you may dictate Preferments and Posts,
But here you're not Lord-Paramount of the Coasts:
That your Brother had Merit all well might discern,
And deserv'd Transportation — but not to *Hibern.*
Read only their *Grandeurs* of *Spain* my good Friend,
And begin, as in Politics we, at the End.

S. *Pedro Burgos* stands junior, cognomine *T***
Who is come in at last, with our last latter *Lammas.*

Obj.] Avant! quo' *Vagary*,—he's brought in by the K*
And we must not indulge him too oft in a Thing;
If we grant him an Inch, he'll not rest at an Ell,
Who then will be topmost we know very well!
But the Man has enough, for he holds *in Commendam*,
Residentiary, Canonry, Rectory *quondam.*

S. *Osbaldo Carleolum*, full far in the *North:*

Obj.] Already his Fortune's of very great Worth!
All the Blessing, like *Jacob*, he stole from his Sire,
And left his poor Brother to wade in the Mire;
Yet Heaven, like *Esau*, enrich'd the Depriv'd,
Who, by good Application and Industry, thriv'd.

Or

Or whether he piouſly meant to defraud,
Like the Pat*ch, his Brother, his Sire, and his God;
Or whether the Deed was his Father's Caprice,
'Till he ſhares with his Brother he never ſhall riſe.

Sacerdos Baſſiſhaw, new Pontiff *del Exon*: ——

Obj.] When th' Obſcure are preferr'd 'tis enough for to vex one;
Some proud *Predicator* of very ſmall Fame,
For 'till late at *St. Paul*'s we've ne'er heard of his Name;
A Citizen-Friar, retailing in Trade
The A*t and the Myſt'ry of holy Parade:
He jobb'd with the *Brothers*, got in at a Leap
To a *Crook*, made but rarely Preferment's firſt Step;
Tho' *Voiſie*, with high and iniquitous Hand,
Sacrilegiouſly ſold away moſt of the Land.
There reſt he content, an odd Inſtance of Luck!
As his *Grandeur* was rais'd out of Citizen Muck.

S. *Don Vor-Tre Meneven*, on th' Edge of the Coaſt
Where the *Biſhop and Clerks* their Antiquity boaſt;

Obj.] Where from *Aff* fled the Pontiff t' avoid *Saxon* Forage,
And potent brown Ale gives th' Inhabitants Courage;

Where

Where the preſent Lord *Flamen*, by Brotherly Pow'r,
Over Learning and Merit broke open the Door.
If the Sire was diſbench'd, as they tell us the Story,
And excluded from *Grace* as an high-flying *Tory*,
How comes it his Children 'mong *Whigs* ſhould meet Favour?
Why the Cock veer'd about — 'twas a notable Shaver!
Further notic'd this Son may perhaps be in Time,
So ſparkiſh, ſo beauiſh, ſo pert, and ſo trim!
S. *Don Clericos Bonos*, on *Aricon*'s Flood ——
Obj.] To be ſure a good Scholar — by Name — and by Blood!
A Divine by Deſcent, from St. *Alban* deriving,
A Quality *Flamen*, no doubt on't believing:
Notwithſtanding all theſe, yet he is not the Saint,
Who we mean for the Service of State to tranſplant.
He will find no Tranſlation in the Year *Forty-ſeven*,
And perhaps in no other — than that into Heaven.
Take Heed all ye Scholars of *Ox* and of *Cam*,
If the Quality thus will put in for the Game,
Bid adieu to your Books, Studies, Terms and Degrees,
Your Fellowſhips, Headſhips, and proud monkiſh Eaſe,

Intro-

Introductive of Mitres; for ſoon will be ſeen,
That Title without, and not Merit within,
High Blood, and not Learning, good Senſe and Diſcernment,
Will prove the right Road in the C*h to Preferment:
Perhaps the ſmall M*tres of *Ha*y* the Eight',
May th' Acceptance of Learning and Piety wait;
But believe me the firſt and the ſecond Rate Flocks,
Will fall to the Share of High-Blood — and the Pox.

S. *Samelo Prænomenos*, Lord Flamen *d'Elwenſis* ——.

Obj.] There *Iſaac* puſt'd up miniſterial Offences,
There *Parſew* embezzled, and *Geoffry*, forſooth!
Is ſaid t'ave been free with hiſtorical Truth.
Our Apoſtle of *Smyrna* abroad went to preach,
And to trade out a little in what he could teach;
Made *Archi-decanos* by *Pontifex W**
Bid ſince into *Cambria* himſelf to betake;
And there he muſt deprecate long for the Sins
Of *Parſew* and *Iſaac*, in *Piety* Twins!

S. *Toma-ſino de Lindos*, where erſt we are told,
The Devil o'erlook'd both the Town and the Fold. ——

Obj.]

Obj.] The Objection is ſtrong, 'tis preſum'd, againſt him,
In hunting Preferment he fractur'd a Limb;
In haſtening along to his Patron, before
His approaching Competitor came to the Door,
He trod on his Caſſock, and fell in the Street,
And down went Canonicals into the Pit.
By Experience grown wiſer and eaſy to boot,
He will hardly be tempted to riſk t'other Foot,
To remove from a Place where he's lov'd and extoll'd;
Clean ſweeps the new Broom — Heav'n ſend he may hold!
S. *Hut-Ton de Ban-Gorio*, in th' Hills of *Aſture*,
Where of Courſe all the Natives are Gentlemen pure
By Patent from Heaven, ——
Obj.] That City, or near it,
Was fam'd for oppoſing proud *Auſtin* with Spirit,
Where, refuſing t' acknowledge the *Pope*, the good Saint
Sent the Monks up to Heaven to make their Complaint.
Fam'd too for *Pelagius*, as Hiſtory tells,
And the old Flamen *Bulkley* who ſold off the Bells.

But as grandeural *Mat* is allow'd of good Note,
His Relatives num'rous reſpectively vote;
Tho' he fails of *Toledo*, we'll find him a Place,
Perhaps by and by, with the Title of *Grace!*
To the *(a) Ouſe* from the *(b) Menai* is no unknown Run,
Th' Example is recent, for lately 'twas done.
S. *Necroman del Hocus Fontanenſis et Bathon* ——
Obj.] Nor in *Askelon* publiſh, nor tell it in *Gathon*,
That, among all our *Reverendini* around,
There's, bleſs us! but one ſingle Conjurer found!
Great Things he can do!—Ropes of Sand he can ſpin,
'Twas he that decypher'd the Dog *Harlequin*;
Expounded the Letters, unravell'd the Jeſt,
Made a Plot of a Woman, a Dog, and a Prieſt;
Bound all the long Alphabet faſt in a Link,
And by Subſequents prov'd what Precedents might think;
Saw reverend Treaſon in Prayers prelatic,
And good Mrs. *H*yes* at the Bottom aquatic;
Saw all that *Leviathan* wiſh'd might be ſeen,
The *Paſtor* depriv'd — and himſelf made a D*;

Next

(a) In *Spaniſh* the *Ebro*. (b) The Straits of *Gibraltar*.

Next preferr'd to a *Crook* — then tranſlated to *W**
Where he's like to remain 'till *Don John* has the *Seals.*

S. *Gil Borto Piſcopulos Blunderon del Aff:* ——

Obj.] A ſufficient tho' moderate *Grandural Staff*;
(Thank th' extravagant *Dunſtan*, the ſame, I ſuppoſe,
Who took with the Tongs the poor De'il by the Noſe)
Without the long Train of Preferments which *K** *(a)*
In his *elegant Latin (b)* annex'd to the *Thing*:
Grave et plumbum — ſaid the *Jacobite* Laic —
Such a Weight of Preferments o'erpowers the weak:
'Tis the Fate of the C*h to be ever abus'd,
Dunciadi diſtinguiſh'd, and Merit refus'd!
While Theſe ſtrut in *Purple* and wallow in Riches,
Thoſe hide, in poor *Caſſocks*, the Abſence of Breeches.
Still his *Weight* will exalt him! nay is't not agreed
He's to paſs from the *Taafe* 'twixt the *Tees* and the *Tw*d*? *(c)*

S. *Chi-Caſtrum Ben. Coll. Cantab. Matarbias* ——

Obj.] He had always to govern a natural Bias:

(a) Archidiaconus, Præbendarius, Cuſtos, Augur, Rector, Prolocutor, Flamen Major, Flamen Minor, Flamen Dialis, Flamen Cæſaris, Ruſticus, Urbanus, Aulicus, Academicus, &c.

(b) Epiſtola Objurgatoria.

(c) In *Spaniſh* the *Guadelquivir*, the *Douro*, and *Garron.*

He travell'd from *Cam* to old *Taafe*, and from thence
To *Ciſſa*'s proud City, erſt ſtrong for Defence!
His Outſide exhibits a good likely Sign,
A Mark that he's not over-furniſh'd within;
Howe'er, if no Conj'rer, he's not a bad Man,
He gives us his Vote, and ſubmits to our Plan,
He is quiet and eaſy, and bounds his Deſire,
And ſeems not to court a Tranſlation that's high'r.
S. *Uſephos Cellarion*, his *Grandeur* of *B* * *,
Where Pebbles are found quite as clear as a Chriſtal: ——
Obj.] He is buſy diſburſing of Money good Store,
In repairing, where never Repairs were before;
Their dilapidate *Grandeurs*, preceding, appear
To have minded the Profits much more than Repair:
To pay Maſter *Paul* by the robbing poor *Peter*,
I've frequently heard of, — *it ſerves for my Metre*; —
But ne'er of converting the Dues of St. *Paul*,
To eke out a *See* inſufficiently ſmall.
Tho' an early Conformiſt, yet ſtill he *diſſents*,
Not pockets, but ſhares with the C* h in her Rents.

'Till

'Till his Buildings are finish'd, there let him remain,
In Support of *Lord Flamen* he'll break Mr. *D**.
S. *Norvicos del Tomo Orien-Anglos de G**: ——
Obj.] He no sooner set up, than he set down, his Coach;
When, dismounted in Ruins, *Bentleon* did view it,
He inscrib'd it, insultingly, *Hic currus fuit!*
He still, *semper idem*, in College had tarried,
Had he not to *Severia*'s fair Sister been married;
Pinn'd close to his Brother-in-Law's brawny Back,
He wound him aloft, as our Cooks do a Jack.
He expects not at present a further Advance,
Save by Rise of that Brother, or some other Chance;
Unless he can hit it with *Ch*dl*r*, and get
The Dissenters, like Partridge, to lie for the Net.
S. *Bos-Furius Presbyteron*: ——
Obj.] He knew how to trim,
And has got to his last, and no higher shall climb;
His *first* he attain'd to by gossipping Stories,
By *Corruption and Brib'ry*, his *last*, 'gainst the *Tories*;
Was

Was advanc'd in the *Order* for that very Thing,
For which he ſhould rather have met with a String.
Let him gratefully clear with the *Scots* and their College,
Whence he ſtole his Divinity, Learning and Knowledge;
Where, forſaking his Cheeſecakes, his Tarts and his Cuſtards;
Delight of Lord-Mayors and old City-Buſtards!
He took up the painful Profeſſion of Letters,
And learn'd it was meet to *conform* like his Betters.

S. Then comes on his *Grandeur*, learn'd *Ker-ſee del Oxon,*—
Obj.] Once ſuſpected of putting the Garb of a Fox-on;
Who withdrew, from whence Dignity was not in Call,
And wiſely conform'd where a M**re might fall.
But ſhould this be the Man, who ſo frequently preaches,
And ſeems to believe in the Doctrine he teaches,
He may raiſe in the Church ſuch a primitive Cuſtom,
As will little agree with the Sons of *Chryſoſtom*.

S. Meek *Marton Ben-Sonos* ſtands next on the Liſt:—
Obj.] Tho' as good a Lord *Paſtor* as e'er did exiſt,
And deſerves to be rais'd to a M**re that's fatter;
But he's not the Man that muſt go o'er the Water:

Tho'

Tho' right for our Purpoſe, by Abſence of Spirit,
Yet very unfit from his ſanctified Merit.
Should he chance to oppoſe us, the Crowd, I'll aſſure ye,
Will be full of my very good Lord *C****y*,
Will daily about him for Bleſſing reſort,
For the Bleſſing's enhanc'd that oppoſes the C*t;
Impolitic therefore to make him our Maſter,
Let him walk then with God in his City of *G**r*.

S. *Avaro del Bottſon Paramontos d' l'Iſle:* ——

Obj.] As he travell'd from *Nor* to the South of the Stile,
Half the Fine, which he'd rais'd to exorbitant Rate,
Departing, he graciouſly offer'd t' abate,
So he might but enſeal and deliver his Deed,
E'er th' Arrival of him who was nam'd to ſucceed.
My Kingdom is all of this World is his Text,
So that This he enjoys, he ne'er cares for the Next.

S. Tough *Pep-Los Devana Nor-Occidentalis:* ——

Obj.] Purſu'd and purſuing with reverend Malice;
T' ep*ſc*p*te never he'd met with a Call,
Had he not been aſſaulted by mad Parſon *Paul*;

Had

Had *Gaſtron* been eaſy — ſo fam'd for his Knowledge! —
He'd ſtill been but Warden of *M***r* College;
Had the Rebels Succeſs, and our Gen'rals been bang'd,
'Tis *Paul* had been *Flamen*, and *Pep-Los* had hang'd.

S. *Tyrannos del Rivulet:* —

Obj.] Long ſince with'd in Heaven,
Or that never he'd quitted his Sire's native Oven;
Illiberal *Flamen!* the more is the Pity,
Both of this and of that Patriarchate old City;
One fam'd for the Taylor, in Statue ſtill living,
For wantonly peeping at Madam *Godiving*,
Who could ne'er, like another *Actæon*, meet Pardon,
For eying the Fruit in the Midſt of the Garden;
Sad Monuments both, to the Mortal who'd dare
Be curiouſly buſy with Woman's Affair!
T'other ever renown'd for good Races in Fame,
And giving a late hearty *Drubbing-Bout* Name:
So cautious the Prieſt that he weighs e'en his *God*,
Which he never receives 'till the Odds are allow'd;

King

King *Nebuchad*'s Image! but yet when he pays,
He ne'er minds the Ballance, nor makes his Eſſays:
His Pen, ſo laborious and learnedly dull!
The *Infidel*'s Labour eſtabliſh'd in full,
Inſtead of o'erthrowing; — Caſt his Book at his Head,
For an Ounce of good Silver he's a Pound of dull Lead,
Mere Dough, like the Baker of *Hereford*'s Bread.

S. *Dulmanos Wilcocion* ſtiff Flamen *deR offens*: ——

Obj.] He has long in the Abbey interr'd many Coffins!
In Perſon officiating ever to win-ye,
In Defraud of the Prebend, the Ring and the Guinea;
A Noun Subſtantive *Crook*, which alone cannot ſtand
Without a Noun Adjective *D*nry* at Hand:
The Abbey of *Thorney* and Mitre of *Roch**,
Can, ſupporting each other, maintain a good Coach.
A Man-of-War *Praymaſter* erſt, where tho' oft
They call on the Devil, yet keep him *abaft*.
From the *Severn* he travell'd to *Medway* and *Thames*, *(a)*
And there he is like to continue it ſeems;
Propitiouſly Chance has made more than his Wiſh-up,
For ſure he could hardly e'er hope to be B**.

(a) The *Minho*, the *Guadiana*, and the *Tagus*.

S. *Candelarion Avaros*, — who wrote many Reams!
His vain Predeceſſor and he in Extremes;
This wond'rouſly ſparing, and That moſt profuſe;
Odd Oppoſites both, and without juſt Excuſe:
This hoards up his Treaſure from Light and the Day,
That contracted new Debts which he ne'er meant to pay —
The Aſſertion is falſe! they were paid by the Son; —
A little, indeed, by Lord *Froth* was begun,
T' acquire a good Name, forſooth! — nothing more.
When *Edros* prevails by the Pray'rs of the Poor,
And behaves, in the Eye of the World, ſomewhat ſager,
We may then give Attention to him and his *Wager*.

S. We have varied from Order and Rank in the Text,
Take however *Ben los Liberalis* the next; —
Obj.] Erſt Maker of Sermons and Journal Diſcourſe,
Than Theſe nothing better, than Thoſe nothing worſe;
Defender of Treaties, *H*n*v*r*'s and *Seville*'s,
Leviathan's Schemes, indefenſible Evils!
Deceiv'd into theſe, he will never forget,
Nor be catch'd any more in the Miniſter's Net.

He

He is happy and eaſy, and thinks himſelf ſo,
A Scholar, Divine, and a Gentleman too!
He will feaſt with the Rich, and he'll feed with the Poor,
And welcome attends all who come to his Door;
His Demeanor is affable, kind and endearing,
And he lives like *Trelawney* in all Things — but ſwearing:
But yet ſhould he controvert aught in the State,
He will ſtiffly diſpute, for he loves a Debate!
Not unlike, in one Way, to the Fair when they ſcold,
For he'll have the laſt Word, and will ne'er be controll'd.
Then *Bronſo* roſe up, — mighty Rival of *Quin!* —
As wak'd from Reflection whom next to take in,
What Maſter, what Party, what Friend to betray: —
O Sages! quo' he, hear what *Bronſo* can ſay
For baſhful Deſert, long oppos'd by the Malice
Of the Magiſtrate's Hand, and the Sons of the Chalice;
Whoſe Toſſings, Repulſes, Impris'nings and Woe,
Serve only t' imbrighten and not to o'erthrow;
Laborious, good Man! both in Preaching and Pray'r,
Well read, if not learn'd; great *Flamen* of *Clare!*

Who th' untractable Butcher ſucceſsfully ſtuns,
Inſtructs in Conundrums and Libels in Puns;
Who, like *Paul* in the Midſt of th' *Athenians*, can preach,
And perhaps as ſincere — and as bold in his Speech!
To whom I'm indebted for all my Acqueſts,
In the Art of Perſuaſion — my Actions, my Reſts,
My Flights and my Sinkings, Obſervance of Time,
All theſe I'm indebted, O Sages! to him.
To my humble Requeſt I entreat you concede,
Let my good Brother Orator *Leyhen* ſucceed.
How well will the M*tre his Forehead enſconſe,
Deck his large awful Brows and his reverend *Bronſe!*
'Twill effectually put to his Project a Stop,
Spoil his Talent for preaching and ſhut up his Shop:
For, give but a Prieſt high Preferment, be ſure
He ſeldom is heard above once in his Cure.

His Grace *del Vagary* oppos'd with his Babble,
And declar'd he had libell'd his Cook and his Table,
His Oleo's, Diſguiſings, Ragoûts *alamode*,
And his Belly beſide, moſt adorable God!

And that to the State, 'twas of no ſmall Concernment,
T' exclude Men of Wit from all Hopes of Preferment;
The *Reſtorer of th' old Elocution*, perhaps,
Might reſtore true Religion, and ſhew where we lapſe.
Since from the *Right Grandeural* Rank you have fell,
Says another, e'en drop the whole *Order* as well;
I'll name you a Laic, as in Caſes ſo urgent
A Judge for the Purpoſe is firſt made a Serjeant,
Who from th' Impoſition of Hands may receive
His Commiſſion at once, to preach and believe.
As already he ſeems to have ſwill'd up a Drench
Of Scripture, ſufficient to poſe all the *Bench*.
Need I mention his Name who has made ſuch a Buſtle,
With his Pen and his Ink for the Gentile Apoſtle;
Who would ſilence the Preſs againſt all but his Muſe,
Which has lately emerg'd on a puerile Cruize,
Call'd at ev'ry old claſſical River's Abode,
In ſorrowful Murmurs, t' attend his *Monode*.
A Hubbub enſued, ſome cried out a Jeſt!
And ſome declar'd loudly for *Gilbo de Weſt*;

While

While others, more leadenly weighty, thought fit
To hollow for good Mother *Osburne de Pit*,
Who had ſtill in the Station of Flogger remain'd,
Had he happily never the Scripture profan'd;
To the dull *Norfolk Faction*, in Cuſtody led,
He, inſtead of Correction, rencontred good Bread:
So he ne'er on the Heels of the Miniſter trod,
He might, with Impunity, libel his G*d.
Like Brother-Trade *Priſcus*, alias *Jaffrey Broadbottom*,
Whom his *Grace* and his *Honour* have penſion'd, G*d rot 'em,
For abuſing his S*v*r*n in *Billingſgate* Rout,
(As *Bronſo* within, ſo did *Priſcus* without.)
Thus both met Preferment, inſtead of a String,
This for libelling G*d, That defaming his King!

The *Chair* interpos'd in a ſolemn Addreſs,
Full of Wiſdom and Learning, as well you may gueſs!
Reduc'd into Order the vagrant Diſcourſe,
And confin'd it, like Marriage, for better for worſe,
To the Rank of Lords *Flamen*, from whence muſt ſucceed
Some tractable Father to fill up *Toledo*.

Arch-

Arch-Halec Eborac long Spado in Spurs!
Well arm'd Capapee, or for Foot or for Horſe;
In his Right he beſwagger'd the ready-drawn Sword,
And diſplay'd in his Left th' *invariable Word*:
Like *Dimmock* he challeng'd all 'round with the Firſt,
And prov'd who *reſiſted*, by T'other, was curſt.
Impreſs'd with true clerical Zeal on his Audience,
Non-Reſiſtance, at length, and Paſſive-Obedience! *(a)*
Obj.] Is it thus the learn'd *Pontiff* would have us remember
The Friends of the C*h, and the 4th of *November*?
Thus revive the old Doctrine exploded ſo long;
He but weaken'd the Side which he'd fain have made ſtrong.
*G*e (b)* needs not ſuch Tenets to eſtabliſh his Throne,
As but an unſatisfied *Stuart (c)* would own.
Beſides the *Subſcription* he'd like to have marr'd,
As too much in ſubſcribing his Pocket he ſpar'd;
For none wou'd the Foremoſt preſume to ſurpaſs,
The Two Hundred Sterling ſubſcrib'd by his Gr*.
Anſ.] Howe'er his Deficience that Way he made good,
By his Preaching, and Praying, and Speeching aloud;

Tho'

(a) See a certain Sermon. *(b) Philip*, in the *Spaniſh*. *(c) Auſtrian*.

Tho' his Doctrine was odd, and, indeed, obsolete,
Yet his Zeal, Approbation from all of us met;
Pro and *Con* they thus reason'd, when in flew a Pigeon,
Special Messenger e'er in Affairs of R*l**n;
On the Wing she coo'd, flutt'ring, as tho' she'd have said,
They had hit, at the last, the right Nail on the Head.
The *Congé d'Eliros* went down to elect,
Whom the K* in his Goodness was pleas'd to direct;
But the D*n and the C**r, in usual Pray'r,
Tried first whether Heaven approv'd of th' Affair:
Propitious it prov'd, and inspir'd them to chuse
Whom, without *Præmunire*, they durst not refuse.
Coercive the Pray'r which makes Heaven submit
To the dictated Terms of his M***y's Writ!
Then they hurried th' *Elect* thro' the Rites of old *B**,
Where, while Consecration went forward below,
The *Dragon* presided aloft on the Steeple,
Reproaching the Taste of our good Christian People.

* *Desunt Multa.*

FINIS.